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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE



OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE



FRANK DICKEE RAPINT

Othello and Iago

SHAKESPEARE

OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF
VENICE



1908

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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

OTHELLO.—The scene of Shakspeare's last play of *Troilus* was the ancient city of Troy, and now we turn again to Venice, the glorious city in the sea. We were here before in *The Merchant*, which gives us the name Gratiano (there the humourful), of Desdemona's uncle. Thence the lover went to seek his Jason's fleece in Belmont; here he comes to seek his pearl in Venice. There, too, Jessica eloped with Lorenzo amid her father's curses, as Desdemona does with Othello here. There, too, bride and bridegroom, Portia and Bassanio, were separated on the day of marriage, as they are here. But what a change there is in the tone and purpose of the two plays! What a change in Shakspeare's temper and mind! True, that in both plays a beautiful, true young bride pleads for a life, for mercy for one condemn'd to death; but from the one, Portia's sweet, earnest words still sound like music in our ears, and we rejoice in the woman's ready wit that rescued the soul her prayer had fail'd to save. From the other, Desdemona's vain appeal for her own life still brings sorrow to our

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hearts ; and Othello knolls in our ears the so sad dirge, " But yet the pity of it, Iago ! oh ! the pity of it, Iago." " In *The Merchant*," says Mr. Munro, " the pure and perfect intellect of a splendid woman was to save a helpless man from the vengeance of a remorseless Jew ; in this a noble and beautiful woman is to be crusht and murderd thru the diabolical intellect of a cold and remorseless fiend." In thinking of Desdemona's fate we turn to the Cenci eyes of Juliet, and compare our ill-starrd Desdemona and Othello with that young " pair of star-crosst lovers " whose violent delights had also violent ends, who, with a kiss, died. But Othello is linkt with the plays nearest it, *Measure for Measure* and *Hamlet*, in which the lust of Hamlet's mother, and Angelo, &c., was so leading a feature ; for supposed lust in Desdemona is at the bottom of Othello's jealousy, and thus the main motive for the action. Claudio's imprisonment in

" The viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world "

is Othello's " blow me about in winds " (V. ii.) ; while the Duke's offer to let Brabantio read the law's bitter letter after his own sense, is the Duke's offer to Angelo in *Measure for Measure* to be judge of his own cause. Iago's " duteous and knee-crooking knave " is Hamlet's fawner, who " crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee," and Hamlet's opinions on drunkenness among his countrymen are those of Cassio and Iago on the Dane. Ophelia's fate and song remind us, too, of Barbara's

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rite, and Mariana's and Desdemona's songs. Iago's curse of the service where preferment goes by letter and affection, is like Hamlet's and Isabella's complaints, which we have before alluded to. Also the plunder of Rodenigo by Iago may be likened to that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek by Sir Toby Belch. The incident of Othello, hidden by Iago, listening to Cassio talking with Iago or Bianca, and then to Cassio and Bianca talking about Desdemona's handkerchief, may be paralleled with the *Much Ado* incident of Hero's maid, Margaret, and Balthazar, overheard by Claudio and Don Pedro, who watch them by Don John's contrivance. With the Sonnets one may compare Iago's "I am not what I am," and of Othello, "He is what he is," with Shakspeare's "I am that I am," of Sonnet 121. The general estimate of Italian women may be seen in Pope Pius II's novel of *Laerone and Eurulus* enlight: "It is as easy to kepe a woman against her wyll, as a flooke of flies in the hete of the sonne, excepte she be of herselfe chaste." "A woman's thought is unstable, whyche hath as many myndis as trees hath leues . . . and seldom loue they theyr husbands whom they haue obteyned."¹ Iago is the Richard the Third of the Third Period, the real mainspring, the wire-puller of the men and women, his puppets, in this play. The Moor, of a free and open nature, is to him "an ass," as he says, "led by the nose." All that Othello tells us of himself wins our hearts, like Desdemona's, to him. Of royal descent, no boaster but a doer, he has no self-

¹ In my *Andrew Boorde*, p. 842-3, from John Kynge's edition, 1560.

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distrust when dealing with men; he commands like a full soldier. Though he tells a "round, unvarnisht tale," yet we see in it proof of that imaginative power, which, to him, as to Macbeth, was the cause of all his sorrow. He has every manly virtue, and his love is so devoted that he can even give up war for it. Mr. Munro would add here: "Othello is swift to decide and prompt to act. Calld upon by the Senate, he is ready to leave home at once to conduct the war against the Ottomites. Note the calm and dignified command in his words when met in the night by the irate Brabantio and his officers:

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them,
Good Signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.'

"Note, too, his swift and decisive decree to poor, drunken Cassio:

"'Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.'

"A baser man than he would have killd Cassio at last; a baser man would have killd Desdemona for revenge; but it is in response to his own deep sense of honour that she dies: when he enters her chamber and looks thru the window into the night, we see at once his moral and mortal purpose, as he cries:

"'It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.'

Distrust at first is impossible to him; and as he confided in "honest Iago," so he declared his life was

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upon his wife's faith: and it was: with the supposed loss of that, his life went. The Italian original says that Othello and Desdemona lived together in Venice in peace and concord. Shakspeare, of course, cuts this out, for after it we could never excuse even Othello's believing Iago. The play gives him but an hour of love, and then, as if to warn the newly-wedded ones what was coming into their life, Shakspeare raises the storm at sea. Unconscious that that storm is but Nature's portent, they bask in balmy sunshine on the isle, and again we have the Romeo ecstacy of love, "if it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy," &c. Again, in the riot of Cassio's drunkenness we get a plain hint of Othello's nature:—

"My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Essays to lead the way."

The first note of coming discord is struck by Iago's "I like not that," the first real suspicion is in Othello's "By Heaven, he echoes me." And when once Iago's insinuation of jealousy has taken hold of Othello's mind,—Othello, who has till then known women's nature only through the fellows of the camp, —his imagination, like Macbeth's, makes the suggestion work with terrible rapidity. The light of love which lit his face when he before met Desdemona, when he yielded to her first entreaties for Cassio, leaves him, never to return.¹ It is a terrible change, as instant a

¹ I speak from recollection of Mr. Irving's touching performance of the part. Salvini's acting of Othello was a revelation to me: something new in art. That passionate Southern nature leaping into fury,

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but so different from, that of Rosalind when she finds her Orlando in the forest. His frame heaves, his lip quivers, the full fire of his wrath blazes out against Iago, as that demon's talk of Cassio frenzies him. Reason leaves him; he is struck with epilepsy; and after his recovery from that¹ Iago shows him Bianca with the handkerchief. His love has become his enemy, against whom spying is lawful, and he resolves to murder her. But yet he cannot forbear to see "the pity of it." "What a depth of love, what yearning tenderness, yet what desperate resolve, are expressed in these little words!" (The third Act is the most powerful one in all Shakspeare.) Desdemona's ill-starred answers provoke instead of calm him, and then he ends her life. Even the beauty of her unselfishness, when trying to excuse him from the murder of her, cannot touch him.² His words on her are, "She's like a liar, gone to burning hell." Then comes the disclosure of what a fool and dolt he's been; and in his sense 't is happiness to die. We cannot allow his excuse that he was not easily jealous, tho' it is true that "being wrought," he was "perplexed in the

and flying at Iago like a tiger would, was beyond a Northern's power. The sweetest-souled, most gracious-natured lady that I ever knew—the late Lady Mount-Temple (then Mrs. Cowper-Temple)—said to me as I was talking to her of the two men, "Yes: *Salvini is Othello*; *Irrving acts him*." No more was needed.

¹ Mr. Frank Marshall well urges that the weakening effect of the epileptic attack on Othello's mind must be allowed for. (Recollect that Desdemona, Greek *desdaimonia*, means "ill-fatedness," "ill-fortune.")

² Shakspeare altered the original's beating Desdemona to death with a stocking full of sand into suffocation, but forgot that a person once stifled couldn't speak again. On the short time of the action of the play after the killing in Cyprus, two days, see F. F. Wilson's Paper, reprinted in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1875-6, Appendix.

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extreme." The kiss on which he dies shows where his love still was, and that must plead for him. Behind the nobleness of his nature were yet the jealousy, the suspicion, the mean cunning of the savage. Death to the adulteress was but the practice of his race.

The first and only Quarto of Othello was published in 1622, six years after Shakspeare's death, by Thomas Walkley, by whom it was entered in the *Stationers' Registers* on Oct. 6, 1621. It differs in many details from the Folio text, which is from an independent source. Facsimiles of the first and second Quartos were edited by H. A. Evans in 1885, as Nos. 31 and 32 of the *Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles*. The original of the story is from the 7th novel of the 3d decade of Cinthio's collection of stories, called *Heptamithri*, or *Hundred Tales*, and is printed with a translation in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. ii., pp. 285-308. In it the original of Iago, the ensign, wrongly loves Desdemona; and his motive for revenge is her friendly preference of the lieutenant, who is degraded for wounding a soldier on guard, and for whose restoration she twice entreats her husband. The ensign steals the Moor's handkerchief from her, leaves it on the lieutenant's bolster, and then tells the Moor it was given by Desdemona to her lover. He also shows the Moor an embroidress copying the pattern on the handkerchief, and undertakes to murder the lieutenant. He does cut off his right leg, and then, with the Moor's help, smashes Desdemona's skull with a sandfull stocking. They pull the ceiling down on her, and give out that a falling beam killed her. Othello, afterwards

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mourning her loss, degrades the ensign, who accuses him to the lieutenant. The Moor is tried, and on the ensign's testimony, put to the torture, and sent into exile, where he is at last killed by his wife's relations. The ensign, continuing his bad practices, is racked for having brought a false accusation against a companion, and is so injured that he dies in great agony. The poor prose temptation scenes of the Moor by the ensign should be compared with Shakspeare's magnificent ones. There are no Roderigo, Brabantio, Emilia, &c., in the Italian. The entries in the Egerton Papers (Camden Soc., ed. Collier) of *Othello* being played in Aug., 1602, and in the Revels Accounts of its acting in 1604, are both rank forgeries.

There are two views of Iago. One, which some will accept, looks on him as a low-natured, selfish man, with jovial, honest-seeming ways, who, if he had not been thwarted, might have lived his life without doing much mischief; but, being set aside in favour of a more cultured and sincere man, and offended by the higher tone of his superiors, he resolved to take them down a peg or two, without having planned the devilry he ultimately wrought. Once engaged in this, all the worst qualities of his nature came to the front, enabled him to ruin all whom he thought his foes, and made him the Evil Spirit of the play. The other view looks on Iago as a Mephistopheles, and villainous from the first, and is thus stated by Mr. Munro: "He, Iago, is the most diabolical and consistently wicked character that Shakspeare drew. He has a cool, free-and-easy exterior that hides the calculating and ferocious

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cunning within him. Roderigo is his tool and his dupe, whom he tricks and finally murders; he gives him the advice that Sir Toby gave Sir Andrew (*Twelfth-Night*, Act II., sc. ii.), 'Put money in your purse.' He arouses Brabantio's alarm and opposition to the marriage by malignant and repulsive insinuation, and he attempts to arouse base feelings in Cassio before he ruins him (Act II., sc. ii.). The secret of his art is imagination; he cloaks his treachery in a fair garment of seeming honesty: 'Men should be what they seem.' He leads free, open Othello step by step, carefully and cunningly, from anxious alarm, to terrified suspicion, from suspicion to resolute conviction, from conviction to inhuman crime, through every phase of mental agony, shame and terror; his own baseness makes him natural enemy to the pure; he is the perverser of every moral instinct and tender feeling; his commanding intellect makes him able to give effect to his insatiable malignity. He is self-reliant and sufficient; he initiates no one in his inhuman designs; he makes his own calculations and bends others to help him execute them,—with consummate skill leads his victims even to bring about their own ruin, by playing, not on what is basest and least worthy in them, but on what is noblest and best. He is a psychologist of ability and the possessor of a perspicacity which opens the minds of others to him like a book wherein he may read and mark. Like Edmund in *Lea* he looks on life as what men make it: 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus,' he says. He believes in himself entirely; to him the

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will to do is a presupposition of the means to do. He is unballed and undismayed, until at the last he falls in the general ruin his vile wickedness has wrought. He is the impersonation of cunning treachery, malignant hate, and cold, calculating cruelty."

Roman Catholic students of Shakspeare are convinced that Othello was a Roman Catholic, too. They found their belief on Othello's words in Act I., sc. iii., p. 40, when, before the Duke and Senators, he sends Iago for Desdemona:—

"Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.

[*Exeunt Iago and attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven

I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I will present

How I did thrive in this fair Lady's love,

And she in mine."

This confession of his, say the Roman Catholics, must have been made to a friend. A Mohammedan would not have used Othello's words; and as Desdemona and her father were Roman Catholics, she could hardly have married a Mohammedan; and if she had done so, her father would certainly have made the fact an additional grievance when he enumerated his complaints against Othello before the Duke and Senators. Moreover, it is doubtful whether any man but a professing Roman Catholic would have been a General in the Venetian army. Tho' this is a new view of Othello, to most of us, I incline to think it is a right one, for Brabantio's "spells and medicines bought of mountebanks," and "witchcraft," which he accuses Othello

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of using (Act I. sc. iii., p. 37), are consistent with it. Many other Romanists were accused of employing such things.

It is not possible to fix the season of *Othello* from the plants and flowers mentioned in it. (Ellacombe, *New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, 1880-6, p. 79.)

The time of the tragedy is three days, with one interval. (Daniel, *New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 229.)

OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE

DUKE OF VENICE.	MONTANO, <i>Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.</i>
BRABANTIO, <i>a Senator.</i>	Clown, <i>Servant to Othello.</i>
<i>Other Senators.</i>	
GRATIANO, <i>Brother to Brabantio.</i>	DESDEMONA, <i>Daughter to Brabantio and Wife to Othello.</i>
LODOVICO, <i>Kinsman to Brabantio.</i>	EMILIA, <i>Wife to Iago.</i>
OTHELLO, <i>a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.</i>	BIANCA, <i>Mistress to Cassio.</i>
CASSIO, <i>his Lieutenant.</i>	
IAGO, <i>his Ancient.</i>	<i>Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.</i>
RODERIGO, <i>a Venetian Gentleman.</i>	

SCENE.—For the First Act, in VENICE; during the rest of the Play, at a sea-port in CYPRUS

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Othello

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in
thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not— Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off capped to him ;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I 'm worth no worse a place ;—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators ; for, ' Certes,' says he,
' I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife :
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spunter, unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the togéd consuls can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattic, without practice.
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the
election :

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,

Christian and heathen,—must be lee'd and calmed
By debtor-and-creditor, this counter-caster ;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy ; 't is the curse of
service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender ; and when he's old,
cashiered :
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,

Othello

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by 'em, and, when they've lined
their coats,
Do themselves homage : these fellows have some
soul ;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
owe,

If he can carry 't thus !

Iago.

Call up her father ;

Rouse him :—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets : incense her kinsmen :
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire
yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. What, ho ! Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio,
ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !
thieves ! thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
summons ?

What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors locked ?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds, sir ! you are robbed ; for shame,
put on your gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise !

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:
I've charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter 's not for thee; and now, in
madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Othello

Iago. Zounds, sir! you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coarsers for consins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,—
As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself :
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper !—call up all my people !—
This accident is not unlike my dream ;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say ! light ! [*Exit from above.*]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business : in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRAEBANTIO and Servants with torches

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !—
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a
father ?—

How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, she deceives
me

Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more
tapers !

Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think
you ?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven !—How got she out ?—O, treason
of the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

Othello

By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had
had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. Another Street

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with torches

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times

Othello

I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to
know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbombed, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition

Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look, what lights come
yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his father is
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I ; I must be found :
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO and certain Officers with torches

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieu-
tenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste post-haste appearance.
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat : the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly
called for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Learn. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-
carack :

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advised ;

He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers, with
torches and weapons*

Oth. Holla ! stand there !

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*

Othello

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed
my daughter ?—

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunned

The wealthy curléd darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion.—I'll have 't disputed on ;

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—

Lay hold upon him : if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison : till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior :
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night ! — Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own ;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Council Chamber
*The DUKE, and Senators, sitting at a table ; Officers
attending*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they 're disproportioned :
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases where the aim reports
'T is oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What, ho ! what, ho ! what,
ho !

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor

Duke. Now, what 's the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes :

So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen.

This cannot be,

By no assay of reason: 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in:—if we make thought
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

1 Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there upointed them with an after fleet.

Othello

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste
despatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant
Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[*To* BRABANTIO.] I did not see you; welcome,
gentle signior;

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general
care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Sen. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceed-
ing,

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,

Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. [*To OTHELLO.*] What, in your own part,
can you say to this ?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—

I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself ; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on !
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak :
Did you by indirect and forcéd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :

If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the
place.— [*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history ;

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the pro-
 cess ;—

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a phant' hour : and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereat by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
 strange ;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
She wished she had not heard it : yet she wished

Othello

That Heaven had made her such a man ; she
thanked me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used :
Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA with IAGO, and Attendants

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak :
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress :
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;

My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you're the lord of duty,—
I'm hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. —
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a
sentence,
Which, as a guise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,

Othello

Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robbed that smiles, steals something from the thief:

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears

But the free comfort which from thence he hears;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow

That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,

Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:

But words are words; I never yet did hear,

That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world : my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects,
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries
haste,

And speed must answer it.

1 Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
again.—

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—[*To BRABANTIO.*] And,
noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c*]

Oth. My life upon her faith !—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago !

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is
torment ; and then have we a prescription to die
when death is our physician.

Iago. O, villainous ! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years, and since I could
distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never
found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere
I would say I would drown myself for the love of
a gipsy-ben, I would change my humanity with
a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my
shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to
amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we
are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to
the which our wills are gardeners : so that if we

will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions ; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man : drown thyself ! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never better stand thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;—put but money in

thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money :—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must : therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore, make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which

will be delivered. Traverse : go : provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to : farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear ?

Rod. I am changed. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to ; farewell ! put money enough in
your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now ;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery.—How, how ! — Let 's see :—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife :—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected : framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.—

I have 't ;—it is engendered :—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus
A Platform.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at
sea ?

1 Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought
flood ;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main
Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at
land ;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements ;

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself 's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't ; 't is a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak
of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly.
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be ;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side, ho !
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let 's do so ;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipped ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot

Of very expert and approved allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*]

A sail, a sail, a sail !

Enter a fourth Gentleman

Cas. What noise ?

4 Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the
sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry ' A sail ! '

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor

[*Guns heard.*]

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy :
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arrived.

2 Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wived ?

Cas. Most fortunately : he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman

How now ! who has put in ?

2 *Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rooks, and congregated sands, --

Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel, --

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

The divine Desdemona.

Mon.

What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'nright's speed. -- Great Joye, Othello guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,

Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,

And bring all Cyprus comfort ! --

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Attendants

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore !

Othello

Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arrived : nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company !

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship : but, hark ! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail ! [*Guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel :
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See, for the news !—

[*Exit Gentlemen.*

Good ancient, you are welcome :—[*To EMILIA.*]
welcome, mistress :

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners : 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on : you're pictures out of
doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on ; assay. — There's one gone to the
harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse
labours,

And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How, if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the ale-house. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow

on a deserving woman indeed ! one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, ‘ Now I may ; ’
She that, being angered, her revenge being high,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod’s head for the salmon’s tail ;
She that could think, and never disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind :
She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small
beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. — How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most
profane and liberal counsellor ?

Cas. He speaks home, madam : you may relish
him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : ay,
well said, whisper : with as little a web as this
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile

upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 't is so, indeed; if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed, an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips! would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[A trumpet heard.] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened
death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,

Othello

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !
I cannot speak enough to this content ;
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. [*Aside.*] O, you are well
tuned now ;
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends : our wars are done, the Turks are
drowned.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well-desired in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. — I prythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.

Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to night watches on the court of guard :—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies ; and will she love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for the want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,

begin to heave the gorge, disrelish, and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden-loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave: and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Othello

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and also the prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts. Remember! when these matronities so marshal the way, lo! at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, may strike at you: provoke him, that he may, for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Othello

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. *[Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit ;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
And, I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ;
Not out of absolute lust—though, peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat ; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards ;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife ;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;

Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confused :
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Street

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation ; people following

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the happy conclusion of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open : and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello !

[*Exeunt.*]

Othello

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and *Attendants*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night. Let's to-morrow have your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—[*To* DESDEMONA.]

Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and
Attendants.

Enter IAGO

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet
ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the
love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore
blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night
with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, he is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What red eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love ?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unwholesome brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup ; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what infirmity it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 't is a night of revels : the gallants desire it.

Othello

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,

Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep ; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle :—but here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, Gentlemen,
and Servant with wine*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse
already.

Othello

Mon. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[*Sings.*] *And let me the canakin clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink :
A soldier's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys !

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, —Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general !

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

Othello

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all to dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'T is pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again ?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, God's above all ; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me : the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—God forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our

business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient :—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent, well.

Cas. Why, very well then ; you must not think then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters : come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before : He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar And give direction ; and do but see his vice. 'T is to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other : 't is pity of him. I fear the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'T is even more the prologue to his sleep : He'll watch the horologe a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

Othello

Enter RODERIGO

Iago. [*Aside to him.*] How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within: "Help! help!"*]

Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking* RODERIGO.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come ; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [*They fight.*]

Iago. [*Asks to RODERIGO.*] Away, I say ! go
out, and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Nay good lieutenant, — God's will, gentleman !

Help, ho ! — Lieutenant, — sir — Montano, — sir ; —

Help, masters ! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed !

[*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell ! — *Diablo*, ho !

The town will rise : God's will, lieutenant, hold !

You will be shamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still : I am hurt to the death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant, — sir, — Montano,
— gentlemen ! —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty !

Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth
this ?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Othello

Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters ?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know :—friends all but now, even
now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitting men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How came it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure : what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which sometime may offend
me,—

Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
By and that's said or done at iss this night.
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon. If partially collied, or leagued in office,

Othello

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago.

Touch me not so near :

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose ; and I returned the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report :—
But men are men : the best sometimes forget :—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine. —

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to
 bed. —

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon: —

Lead him off. — [*MONTANO is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —
 Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay; past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
 have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal!

Othello

part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing

discreetly, a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Othello

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general :—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and benevolence of her parts and graces : confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crew of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

[*Exit.*

Othello

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again! For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, — were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, —
His soul is so enfettered to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a
villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, —
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

Othello

So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.
My money is almost spent : I have been to-night
exceedingly well cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue
will be, I shall have so much experience for my
pains ; and so, with no money at all, and a little
more wit, return again to Venice.

Largo. How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witch-
craft ;

And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered
Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe :
Content thyself awhile. — By the mass, 't is
morning ;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* RODRIGO.] Two things
 are to be done,—
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ;
 Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife :—ay, that's the way ;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

ACT THREE

SCENE I.—Before the Castle

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians

Cas. Masters, play here.—I will content your
 pains,—
 Something that's brief ; and bid, 'Good morrow,
 general.' [*Music.*]

Enter Clown

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been
 in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how ?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind-instruments?

I Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

I Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

I Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

I Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air, away!

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir : if she will stir lither,
I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for it. [*Exit IAGO.*]

I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you : but he protests he
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in :
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate :
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord ; I'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, — shall we
see 't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Garden of the Castle

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves
my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow — Do not doubt,
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't: I thank you. You do love my
lord;
You have known him long: and be you well assured,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,

Othello

My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that : before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think
it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,

Othello

Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my
lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other
time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
morn ;

On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn :—

I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days ; in faith, he's penitent,

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—

Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of her best,—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael

Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so justify a thine

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do

To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des.

Why, this is not a boon ;

'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit

To your own person : nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
lady,

Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last : why dost thou
ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Othello

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted
with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed : discern'st thou aught
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ?

Oth. Think, my lord !

By Heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-
thing.

I heard thee say even now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?

And, when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst,
' Indeed ! '

And didst contract and purse thy brow together

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost ;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that 's just
They 're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem
none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this.

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Othello

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things,
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; **nor** build yourself a
trouble

Out of his scattering and **unsure** observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
lord,

Othello

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash : 't is something,
nothing ;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
thousands ;

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand ;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O ! beware my lord, of jealousy ;

It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ,

But, O, what damnéd minutes tells he o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet soundly
loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;

But riches fineless is as poor as winter

To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—

Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy !

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think 'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous
To say--my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove.
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it: for now I shall have
reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be abused : look to't.
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands ; their best
conscience
Is— not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And, when she seemed to shake and fear your
looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought 't was witchcraft ; but I'm much to
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. — But, I do see you're moved ;
I am to pray you not to strain my speech

To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved.—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to
think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point :—as—to be bold
with you—

Not to affect many proposéd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;

Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago, Returning. My lord, I would I might
entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time.

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means :

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity ;

Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,

Of human dealings : if I do prove her base and

Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that 's with watching; 't will away
again :

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little.

*[He puts the handkerchief from him, and
she drops it.*

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

Des. I 'm very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin :

This was her first remembrance from the Moor :

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal 't; but she so loves the
token,—

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,—

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk too. I 'll have the work ta'en
out,

And give 't Iago :

What he will do with it Heaven knows, not I ;

I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Othello

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. A thing for me ?—it is a common thing—

Emil. Ha ?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me
now

For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her ?

Emil. No, faith : she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what's that to you ?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again : poor lady ! she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't ; I have use for it.

Go, leave me. [Exit EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it : trifles, light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ : This may do something ;
The Moor already changes with my poison :
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so —
Look, where he comes !

Re-enter OTHELLO

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me.

Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on
the rack. —

I swear, 't is better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of
lust ?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me :
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
 He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't and he 's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. O now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plum'd troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
 whore,—

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;
 Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see 't ; or, at the least, so
prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,—
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !—
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art
not :

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may ; but how ? how satisfied, my
lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect : damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk : but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—‘ Sweet Desdemona ;
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !’
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,
Cry,—‘ O sweet creature !’ and then kiss me
hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed ; and
then
Cried,—‘ Cursed fate, that gave thee to the
Moor !’

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion :

'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing
done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this :

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one : 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handker-
chief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :

'T is gone.—

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
teous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 't is done at your
request :
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.-- Before the Castle

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies ?

Cl. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man ?

Cl. He is a soldier ; and for one to say a soldier
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither; tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of crusadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Othello

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who? he! I think the sun where he was
born

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be called to him.—

Enter OTHELLO

How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness
to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist,
my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here

That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello

Oth. A liberal hand the hearts of old gave
hands ;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with
you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she
kept it,

'T would make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should
hunt

Othello

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible ?

Oth. 'T is true : there 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work ;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never
seen 't.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the
way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Oth. How ?

Othello

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't; let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick, to put me from my suit:

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shared dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us.—Look you! Cassio and my husband.

Othello

Enter IAGO and CASSIO

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must
do't:

And, lo, the happiness I go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delayed.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour altered.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blank of his displeasure
 For my free speech. You must awhile be patient
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will
 Than for myself I date : let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Pulled his own brother :—and can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him.
 There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so. [*Exit IAGO.*]
 —Some thing, sure, of state—
 Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice.
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so ;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members even to that sense
 Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods :
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal. — Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—

Othello

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul :
But now, I find, I had suborned the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray Heaven it be state-matters, as you
think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous : 't is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind !

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-
about :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What ! keep a week away ! seven days and nights !
Eight score eight hours ! and lovers' absent hours.
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?

O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca ;
I have this white with leaden thoughts been pressed ;
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this scum of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is it come to this ? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman !
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Cas. I know not neither : I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well : ere it be demanded

(As like enough it will), I'd have it copied :
Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cas. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.

Bian.

Why, I pray you ?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian.

But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here ; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good : I must be circumstanced.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—Before the Castle

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

Iago. Will you think so ?

Oth.

Think so, Iago ?

Iago.

What,

To kiss in private ?

Othello

Oth. An unauthorised kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm!

Oth. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so.
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and, being
hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By Heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it.

Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do
you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convincéd or supplied them, cannot chose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well
assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he
did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on
her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's
falsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handker-
chief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;
—first, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I
tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in
such shadowing passion without some instruction.
It is not words that shakes me thus.—Pish!—

Nose, ears, and lips—Is it possible?—Confess—
handkerchief!—O devil!—
[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!—

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear.
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth; and by-and-by
Breaks out to savage madness.—Look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? have you hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by Heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man !

Oth. A hornéd man 's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;

Think, every bearded fellow that 's but yoked

May draw with you : there 's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar to your ease is better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know ;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O ! thou art wise ; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelm'd I was with your grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—

Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;

The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the floors, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face ;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
I say, but mark his gesture. —Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;

But yet keep true in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio, as it is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. —Here he comes.
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO

How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition.
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
on 't.

[*Speaking lower.*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's
dower,

How quickly should you speed !

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already !

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ? I think, 'i faith, she loves
me.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and
laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to ; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :
Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman ! do you
triumph ?

Cas. I marry her !— what, a customer ? I
pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit ; do not
think it so unwholesome :—ha, ha, ha !

Oth. [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her. —

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the rascal: and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck;—

Oth. [*Aside.*] Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby horse: where ever you find it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. [*Aside.*] By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to ; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him,
Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his
vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he
prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it
him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A
fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned
to-night ; for she shall not live. No, my heart is
turned to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my head.
O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she
might lie by an emperor's side, and command him
tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is.—So
delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician !
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of
so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

Iago. O! 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good.—[*A trumpet within.*]—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodo-

vico,

Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants*

Lod. God save the worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Giving him a packet.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the packet, and reads.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior :

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. *[Reading.]* " This fail you not to do, as you will "—

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one : I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord !

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What ! is he angry ?

Lod. May be, the letter moved him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord !

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello !

Oth. Devil ! [Striking her.

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'T is very much :
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her
turn :

Sir, she can turn and turn and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—

Consider this, sir, — O well painted passion !—

I am commanded home.—Get you away ;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice.—Hence ! avaunt !—

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to night,

I do entreat that we may sup together :

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkeys ! [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient ? Is this the nature

Whom passions could not shake ? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago.

He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to Heaven, he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him,

And his own courses will denote him so

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each scold and that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. Did she not fan her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit* EMILIA.]

She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray : I've seen her do 't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes.

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To* EMILIA.] Some of your function, mistress ;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door ;

Cough or cry hem if anybody come :

Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit* EMILIA.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
import ?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true and loyal
wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-
damned,—
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am
I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemon!—away, away, away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction ; had they rained
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me
The fix'd figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at,—
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin ;
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou had'st
ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon ? What committed ?
Committed !—O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed ?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.

Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA

You, you, ay, you:

We have done our course; there's money for your
pains.

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia:
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed!
[Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re enter EMILIA with IAGO

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't
with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young
babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He called her whore : a beggar in his
drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day !

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander ; I'll be hanged else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man : it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—

O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, tie upon them ! Some such squire he was,

That turned your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?

Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form ;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Commit your ears to me ! Unkindness may do much ;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say ‘ whore : ’
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world’s mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; ’tis but his
 humour :

The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If ’t were no other,—

Iago. ’Tis but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.

Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

Enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal’st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary !

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist : you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man : nor 't is not very well : by this hand, I say it is very scurvy ; and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent

my unfeeling indignation: if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment; but, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show me: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do !

Iago. Ay : if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one—you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,

and Attendants

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there : look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Ereunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent ;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me !

Des. To wait his bidding : therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve
him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and
frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our
minds !—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid called Barbara :
She was in love ; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her : she had a song of ' willow ; '
An old thing 't was, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it : that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing.*]

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree ;

Sing all a green willow ;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee ;

Sing willow, willow, willow :

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her
moans ;*

Sing willow, willow, willow :

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones ;

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee : he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland,

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next. — Hark, who is it that
knocks ?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I called my love, false love ; but what said
he then ?

Sing willow, willow, willow :

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;
Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,
these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light :

I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world ?

Emil. The world is a huge thing : 't is a great
price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition : but, for the whole world, — why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the van-
tage

As would store the world they played for.

But, I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall. — Say, that they slack their duties

And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us : or, say, they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite :

Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,

Their wives have sense like them : they see and
smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well ; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night : Heaven me such
uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—A Street

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight
will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand : I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand : be bold, and take thy stand. [Retires.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons. —
'Tis but a man : — forth, my sword : he dies.

Iago. I have milled this young quat almost to
the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him : there stand I in much
peril.

No, he must die : — be't so ; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO

Rod. I know his gait ; 't is he. — Villain, thou diest.

[Rushing out, and making a pass at CASSIO.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st :

I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod.

O, I am slain !

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO
behind in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maimed for ever.—Help, ho ! murder,
murder ! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance*

Oth. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth.

It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
Thou teachest me :—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies :—strumpet, I come !
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted ;
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, *at a distance*

Cas. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder !
murder !

Gra. 'T is some mischance ; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help !

Lod. Hark !

Ross. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans.—It is a heavy night !
These may be counterfeits ; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Ross. Nobody come ! then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark !

Re-enter IAGO, with a light

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? whose noise is this that
cries on murder ?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ! for Heaven's sake, help me !

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously ?

Cas. Iago ! O ! I am spoiled, undone by villains—
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done
this ?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains !—

[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.] What are you there ?
come in, and give some help.

Rod. O, help me here !

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !

[*Stabs* RODERIGO.

Rod. O damned Iago ! O inhuman dog !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these
bloody thieves ?—

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !
What may you be ? are you of good, or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by
villains.

Gra. Cassio ?

Iago. How is 't, brother ?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid !—

Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter :—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio, Cassio,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come.

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure.—O Heaven! Roderigo

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signor Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*]

O! that's well said;—the chair.—

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To BIANCA.*]

For you, mistress,

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
man.

Iago. [*To BIANCA.*] What, look you pale?—
O, bear him out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mis-
tress!

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well: I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? my guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA

Emil. 'Las! what's the matter? what's the
matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped.
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.—
What! do you shake at that?

Bianca. He supped at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bianca. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dressed.—

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—

Will you go on afore I—*[Aside]* This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[Dies.]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber

DESDEMONA *in bed asleep.* A light burning
Enter OTHELLO

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked
thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[Kissing her.]
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword. — One more, one more. —
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after — One more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes where it doth love. — She wakes.

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by
that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No, — Heaven forbid ! — I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum !

Othello

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you are fated then.
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so. What's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved and
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul !

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury : thou art on thy death bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin ;

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !— I never did
Offend you in my life : never loved Cassio,
But with such general varranty of Heaven
As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in s
hand.

O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stole my heart.
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither :
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confessed.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No ; his mouth is stopped :
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O, my fear interprets. — What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
 revenge
 Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas ! he is betrayed, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to
 my face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow ; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour !

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord ! what, ho !
 my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?—Not dead ? not yet
 quite dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
 So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What, ho ! my lord, my
 lord !

Oth. Who's there !

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord ! I would speak
 a word with you.

Oth. Yes :— It is Emilia :— by-and-by. — She's dead.—

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;
The noise was high. — Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave. — Shall she come in ! Were't
good ?—

I think she stuns again :— no. — What's best to do !
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :
My wife ! my wife ! what wife !— I have no wife :
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the adrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee. — O, come in, Emilia. —
Soft, — by-and-by :—let me the curtains draw. —
Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee
now ?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA

Emil. O, my good lord ! yonder's foul murder
done.

Oth. What ! now ?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young
Venetian

Called Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo killed !

And Cassio killed !

Emil. No ; Cassio is not killed.

Oth. Not Cassio killed ! Then murder's out of
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murdered !

Emil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Emil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—

Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !

Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself. Farewell :

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell !

[*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered !

Emil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell :
'T was I that killed her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false : O, she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her : ask thy husband else.
O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity : Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been
true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me first :
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say,
thy husband.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks
with love.—

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has killed my mistress! Murder!
murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damnéd lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
to speak.

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Othello

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villainy ! villainy ! villainy !
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't.—O villainy !
I thought so then :—I 'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy !

Iago. What ! are you mad ? I charge you, get
you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak :

'T is proper I obey him, but not now —

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O ! O ! O ! [Falling on the bed.]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [Rising.] O, she was foul.—
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your
niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopped.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemon ! I am glad thy father's
dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

Othello

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed : Cassio confessed it ,
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand :
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O Heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. It will out : it will out : I hold my peace,
sir ? no ;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north :
Let Heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his wife.

Gra. Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emil. O thou dull Moor that handkerchief
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,—
He begged of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore !

Emil. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it.
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest !

Emil. By Heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen.—

O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls : sure, he hath killed his
wife.

Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side !

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's killed.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon,

Which I have here recovered from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without : let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 't is a damnéd slave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty ?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan.

And die in music. [*Singing.*] Willow, willow,
willow.—

Moor, she was chaste ! she loved thee, cruel Moor,

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;

So speaking as, I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber ;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon ;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I've seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I've made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop. —But, O vain boast !

Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed :

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismayed? 't is a lost fear :
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred witch!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity.
 O, curséd, curséd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and officers, with* IAGO *prisoner*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds* IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Othello

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not killed.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damnéd slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, anything :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought did I in hate but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confessed his
villainy :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know,
you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ! not to pray ?

Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,

Othello

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo :
And here another : the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross !

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damnéd villain ;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff !—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confessed but even now
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast ; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us :

Othello

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. — Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it ;

No more of that. — I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set it on against my name : then must you
speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk

Othello

Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All that's spoke is marred.

Oth. I kissed thee, ere I killed thee :—no way
but this, [*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To IAGO.*] O Spartan dog !

More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture :—O, enforce it !

Myself will straight aboard, and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES

I. i. p. 23. **Counter-caster.**—Book-keeper, accountant; used contemptuously of a man-of-action—a soldier, and applying with special point to Cassio, who was a Florentine, the merchants of that city being famous for *commercial* ability.

I. i. p. 29. **The Sagittary.**—A public building in Venice, but whether an inn or some official military centre is not known.

I. iii. p. 47. **Thrice-driven.**—Thrice winnowed, to remove all but the softest down.

I. iii. p. 52. **Locusts.**—It is impossible to determine with certainty whether the reference is to the insect *locust*, which is considered a delicacy in the East, or to the fruit of the carob-tree, which consists of a long black pod containing the seeds and a *luscious* thick juice.

II. i. p. 55. **Veronesa.**—Folios *verennessa*; probably a vessel built and equipped by the people of Verona, a dependency of the Venetian State.

II. i. p. 57. **My hopes not surfeited, &c.**—'My hopes not having been extravagantly inflated, I remain in confident expectation of seeing them fulfilled.'

II. i. p. 68. **Quick hunting, stand the putting-on.**—Iago checks Roderigo's *quick hunting* of Desdemona, and incites him to pick a quarrel with Cassio, doubting whether he will stand being thus made the dupe of his (Iago's) designs.

II. iii. p. 74. **King Stephen, &c.**—From an old song called, "Take thy old cloak about thee," printed in Percy's *Reliques*.

Notes

II. iii. p. 77. **Turned Turks.**—To 'turn Turk' was the proverbial phrase for 'make a complete change for the worse,' and Othello's reference to the recent attempt of the Turks to capture Cyprus gains added emphasis from the association of his words with the popular saying.

III. i. p. 87. **Speak i' the nose.**—The Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect. Shylock speaks of "when the bag-pipe *sings i' the nose*" (*Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. p. 110).

III. iii. p. 103. **Whistle her off, &c.**—Terms of falconry, explained by Dr. Johnson thus: "The falconer always lets fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If, therefore, a hawk was for any reason dismissed she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*."

III. iii. p. 113. **Pontic sea . . . ne'er feels retiring ebb.**—Probably Shakspeare framed this simile from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's 'Natural History'—"And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis; but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

III. iv. p. 117. **The hearts of old gave hands.**—In allusion to the old custom of ratifying the betrothal contract by clasping hands.

III. iv. p. 117. **An Egyptian.**—Probably a gipsy. It was generally believed that all gipsies were Egyptians, because of their swarthy complexions.

IV. ii. p. 146. **Speak within door.**—'Keep your tongue within bounds.' 'Do not rave so loudly as to be heard outside the house.'

IV. ii. p. 150. **High supper-time.**—High time for supper.

IV. iii. p. 152. **Song of 'willow.'**—The ballad whence these snatches are taken is given in Percy's *Reliques*, from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection. It was originally a man's song, being entitled, "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love."

Notes

V. ii. p. 164. **It is the cause, &c.**—*i.e.* the cause of justice, which Othello strives to urge upon himself lest the sight of Desdemona should move him from his purpose.

V. ii. p. 175. **Token my father gave my mother.**—This conflicts with Othello's earlier story of the 'charmer' who presented his mother with the handkerchief.

V. ii. p. 177. **A sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.**—Spanish sword-blades were highly prized for their fine temper, obtained by plunging the heated steel into icy-cold water; the colder the water the higher was the temper obtained.

V. ii. p. 178. **I look down towards his feet.**—Implying, to see if they be cloven.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



GLOSSARY

- Abhor:** "it does — me," it is abhorrent to me. IV. ii. p. 147.
- About:** out. I. ii. p. 33.
- Abuse:** to deceive. I. i. p. 30; I. iii. p. 53; slander, II. i. p. 69.
- Abuser:** corrupter. I. ii. p. 34.
- Achieved:** won. II. i. p. 57.
- Acknow:** "Be not — on't," profess to know nothing of it. III. iii. p. 106.
- Act:** action, working. III. iii. p. 107.
- Addiction:** inclination. II. ii. p. 69.
- Addition:** honour. III. iv. p. 124; title. IV. i. p. 130.
- Advantage:** "in the best —," at the first opportunity. I. iii. p. 49.
- Advised:** careful. I. ii. p. 33.
- Affined:** bound, under any obligation. I. i. p. 23; "partially —," "swayed by any link of affinity." II. iii. p. 79.
- Affinity:** family connections. III. i. p. 89.
- Agnize:** avow, confess. I. iii. p. 47.
- Aim:** conjecture. I. iii. p. 36.
- All in all in spleen:** completely given up to violent anger. IV. i. p. 129.
- Allowance:** "and your —," and has your sanction. I. i. p. 27.
- Allowed:** acknowledged. I. iii. p. 46.
- All's one:** 'all right.' IV. iii. p. 152.
- Almain:** German. II. iii. p. 73.
- Ancient:** ensign-bearer. I. i. p. 23, &c.
- Anthropophagi:** cannibals. I. iii. p. 43.
- Antres:** caverns. I. iii. p. 43.
- Approve:** bear out. II. iii. p. 72; adore. IV. iii. p. 152.
- Approved:** proved guilty. II. iii. p. 79.
- Approved allowance:** well-tested capability. II. i. p. 57.
- Apt:** natural, likely. II. i. p. 68.
- Arraigning:** upbraiding. III. iv. p. 122.
- Arrivance:** arrival. II. i. p. 56.
- Aspics:** asps; poisonous snakes. *Asps* were the instrument of Cleopatra's death. (*Antony and Cleopatra* Act V.) III. iii. p. 113.
- Assay:** test. I. iii. p. 37; try. II. i. p. 60.
- Atone:** reconcile. IV. i. p. 135.
- Attach:** arrest. I. ii. p. 34.
- Attend:** await. III. iii. p. 104.
- Bear:** the constellation of that name. II. i. p. 55.
- Beer:** "small —," petty household accounts. II. i. p. 62.
- Besort:** "accommodation and —," befitting accommodation and attendance, or retinue. I. iii. p. 47.
- Best:** "at the —," "making the best of it." I. iii. p. 44.
- Betimes:** early. I. iii. p. 53.
- Birdlime:** lime spread to catch birds. II. i. p. 61.
- Blank:** the aim; properly the white mark in the centre of the target. III. iv. p. 121.
- Blazoning:** praising, laudatory. II. i. p. 37.
- Blood:** passion. II. iii. p. 79.

Glossary

- Blown:** literally 'swollen':
foully exaggerated, infamous.
III. iii. p. 100.
- Bobbed:** obtained by trickery.
V. i. p. 117.
- Boding:** foreboding. IV. i. p.
125.
- Bootless:** profitless. I. iii. p.
46.
- Brace:** properly 'armour,' here
'equipment for defence.' I.
iii. p. 37.
- Brave:** defy. V. ii. p. 180.
- Bravery:** "upon malicious—,"
urged by malicious bravado.
I. i. p. 26.
- Bring me . . . a little:** accom-
pany me a short distance. III.
iv. p. 124.
- Bulk:** projection. V. i. p. 156.
- Butt:** goal, limit. V. ii. p. 177.
- Cable:** scope, power. I. ii. p.
31.
- Caitiff:** "poor—," 'poor thing,'
used as a condescending term
of affection. IV. i. p. 130.
- Callat:** a low woman. IV. ii. p.
145.
- Calmed:** becalmed, 'restrained
from action.' I. i. p. 23.
- Canakin:** a little can. II. iii.
p. 73.
- Capable:** adequate, terrible, far-
reaching. III. iii. p. 113.
- Carack:** a large kind of mer-
chant-vessel. I. ii. p. 33.
- Caroused:** drunk. II. iii. p. 72.
- Carve for:** indulge. II. iii. p.
78.
- Cast:** degraded in office. V. ii.
p. 180.
- Censure:** judgment. II. iii. p.
78; IV. i. p. 138.
- Certes:** certainly. I. i. p. 22.
- Chamberers:** effeminate draw-
ing-room creatures. III. iii.
p. 104.
- Chances:** events. I. iii. p. 42.
- Charm:** silence, restrain. V. ii.
p. 173.
- Charmer:** fortune-teller, sor-
ceress. III. iv. p. 117.
- Chidden:** lashed to fury. II. i.
p. 55.
- Chide:** quarrel. IV. ii. p. 147.
- Chuck:** a term of endearment.
III. iv. p. 117.
- Circumscription:** limitation,
encompassment. I. ii. p. 32.
- Circumstance:** circumlocation.
I. i. p. 22; appurtenances. III.
iii. p. 108.
- Circumstanced:** "be —," yield
to circumstances. III. iv. p.
124.
- Civil:** civilized. IV. i. p. 128.
- Clean:** entirely, wholly. I. iii.
p. 52.
- Clime:** country, native land. III.
iii. p. 102.
- Clip:** embrace. III. iii. p. 113.
- Close delations:** secret accusa-
tions. III. iii. p. 97.
- Clyster-pipes:** tubes for syring-
ing. II. i. p. 63.
- Coat:** suit of armour. V. i. p.
158.
- Cogging:** cheating, deceiving.
IV. ii. p. 145.
- Collied:** clouded, obscured, dark-
ened. II. iii. p. 79.
- Coloquintida:** the bitter apple,
colocynth. I. iii. p. 52.
- Commoner:** harlot. IV. ii. p.
142.
- Compasses:** circuits of the
earth, *i.e.* years. III. iv. p.
118.
- Compliment extern:** outward
appearance. I. i. p. 24.
- Composition:** ~~consistency~~. I.
iii. p. 36.
- Compt:** 'the day of judgment.'
V. ii. p. 178.
- Conceit:** idea. III. iii. p. 96.
- Conceits:** imagines, judges. III.
iii. p. 98.
- Condition:** disposition. II. i.
p. 66.
- Conjunctive:** 'heart to heart.'
I. iii. p. 52.
- Conjured:** bewitched. I. iii. p.
41.
- Conscionable:** actuated by con-
science. II. i. p. 66.
- Consent in:** conspire together.
V. ii. p. 179.
- Consuls:** senators. I. ii. p. 32.

Glossary

- Content**: joy. II. i. p. 63; reward, recompense. III. i. p. 87.
- Continue**: continuous, uninterrupted. III. iv. p. 123.
- Contrived**: planned, deliberate. I. ii. p. 34.
- Conveniences**: satisfactions. II. i. p. 65.
- Cope**: meet. IV. i. p. 129.
- Corrigible**: corrective. I. iii. p. 51.
- Counsellor**: proser, babbler. II. i. p. 62.
- Counter-caster**: I. i. p. 23. (See Notes.)
- Courtship**: courtesy, 'fine manners.' II. i. p. 63.
- Coxcomb**: fool. V. ii. p. 176.
- Cozening**: deceiving. IV. ii. p. 145.
- Creation**: nature. II. i. p. 57.
- Cries on**: cries out. V. i. p. 159.
- Crusadoes**: Portuguese gold coins marked with a cross, worth between six and seven shillings each. III. iv. p. 115.
- Cry**: pack of hounds. II. iii. p. 86.
- Curled darlings**: dandies, having their hair curled in ringlets; favourites. I. ii. p. 34.
- Customer**: harlot. IV. i. p. 130.
- Daff'st**: doffest, puttest me off. IV. ii. p. 148.
- Daws**: jackdaws. I. i. p. 24.
- Dear**: costly, intensely felt. I. iii. p. 48.
- Dearest**: most strenuous. I. iii. p. 40.
- Defeat**: destroy. IV. ii. p. 147.
- Defeat thy favour**: disfigure thy face. I. iii. p. 51.
- Defend**: forbid. I. iii. p. 48.
- Delations**: (See 'Close.') III. iii. p. 97.
- Delighted**: delightful. I. iii. p. 44.
- Deliver**: relate. II. iii. p. 80.
- Demerits**: merits. I. ii. p. 31.
- Demonstrable**: "made _____," "come to light." III. iv. p. 121.
- Designment**: design, plan. II. i. p. 55.
- Desired**: beloved. II. i. p. 64.
- Despite**: contempt, abuse. IV. ii. p. 145.
- Determinate**: certain, compelling. IV. ii. p. 150.
- Diet**: feed. II. i. p. 68.
- Dilate**: relate fully. I. iii. p. 43.
- Directly**: straightforwardly. IV. ii. p. 149.
- Discontented**: complaining. V. ii. p. 180.
- Discourse of thought**: meditation, the flow of thoughts through the mind. IV. ii. p. 146.
- Dislikes**: displeases. II. iii. p. 72.
- Displeasure**: the displeasure you have incurred. III. i. p. 89.
- Disports**: pleasures, pastimes. I. iii. p. 48.
- Dispose**: disposition. I. iii. p. 54.
- Disputed on**: authoritatively discussed. I. ii. p. 34.
- Distaste**: be distasteful. III. iii. p. 107.
- Double**: overruling all others. I. ii. p. 31.
- Double set**: twice twelve hours, i.e. 'a day and night right off.' II. iii. p. 75.
- Doubt**: fear. III. iii. p. 92; suspicion. III. iii. p. 100.
- Dream**: conception, expectation. II. iii. p. 72.
- Ecstasy**: trance. IV. i. p. 128.
- Elements**: pure product, concentrated essence. II. iii. p. 72.
- Embayed**: enclosed in a bay. II. i. p. 55.
- Encave**: conceal. IV. i. p. 128.
- Enchafed**: lashed to fury. II. i. p. 55.
- Engage**: pledge. III. iii. p. 113.
- Engines**: instruments of torture. IV. ii. p. 149.
- Engluts**: engulfs, devours. I. iii. p. 39.
- Ensteeped**: lying buried under the water. II. i. p. 58.
- Entertainment**: reinstatement in office. III. iii. p. 103.
- Enwheel**: enfold, encompass. II. i. p. 59.

Glossary

- Equinox:** parallel, match. II. iii. p. 75.
- Erring:** straying. III. iii. p. 102.
- Escape:** escapade, prank. I. iii. p. 45.
- Estimation:** reputation. I. iii. p. 48.
- Eternal:** infernal, damned. IV. ii. p. 145.
- Execution:** activity, complete service. III. iii. p. 113.
- Exhibition:** maintenance. I. iii. p. 47; present, gift. IV. iii. p. 155.
- Exsufficate:** inflated, empty, unsubstantial. III. iii. p. 100.
- Extincted:** extinguished. II. i. p. 58.
- Extravagant:** wandering, roving, nomadic. I. i. p. 28.
- Falls:** lets fall. IV. i. p. 136.
- Fantasy:** fancy. III. iii. p. 105.
- Fast:** faithful. I. iii. p. 52.
- Fathom:** capacity, resource. I. i. p. 28.
- Favour:** countenance. III. vi. p. 120.
- Fearful:** alarming. I. iii. p. 36.
- Fell:** cruel, relentless. V. ii. p. 182.
- Filches:** steals. III. iii. p. 99.
- Fineless:** limitless. III. iii. p. 99.
- Fitchew:** pole-cat. IV. i. p. 131.
- Fits:** befits. III. iv. p. 121.
- Fleers:** sneers. IV. i. p. 128.
- Flood:** sea. I. iii. p. 42.
- Flood-gate:** unquenchable. I. iii. p. 39.
- Folly:** unchastity. V. ii. p. 171.
- Fond:** foolish. I. iii. p. 50.
- Fopped:** duped, made a fool of. IV. ii. p. 148.
- Forbear:** spare. I. ii. p. 31.
- Fordoes:** destroys. V. i. p. 164.
- Forfend:** forbid. V. ii. p. 165.
- Forgot:** "are thus —," have so forgotten yourself. II. iii. p. 78.
- Fortitude:** military strength. I. iii. p. 46.
- Fortune:** chance. V. ii. p. 175.
- Fraught:** freight, burden. III. iii. p. 113.
- Free:** generous, liberal. I. iii. p. 48; innocent. III. iii. p. 103.
- Frize:** a coarse woollen material. II. i. p.
- From:** against. I. i. p. 28.
- Fruitful:** bountiful, generous. II. iii. p. 85.
- Full:** fully proficient. II. i. p. 56.
- Function:** control and guidance of his faculties. II. iii. p. 85.
- Fustian:** nonsense. II. iii. p. 82.
- Galls:** temper, capacity for resentment. IV. iii. p. 155.
- Garb:** "rank —," "coarsest fashion," "grossest manner." II. i. p. 69.
- Garnered:** treasured. IV. ii. p. 142.
- Gender:** species, sort. I. iii. p. 51.
- Generous:** noble. III. iii. p. 104.
- Ghastness:** ghastliness. V. i. p. 162.
- Give... away:** renounce, give up. III. iii. p. 92.
- Government:** self-control. III. iii. p. 103.
- Grange:** a solitary granary, or farmhouse. I. i. p. 26.
- Green:** inexperienced. II. i. p. 66.
- Grise:** stage, step. I. iii. p. 45.
- Gross in sense:** obviously certain. I. ii. p. 34.
- Guardage:** guardianship. I. ii. p. 34.
- Guinea-hen:** a contemptuous epithet for a woman. I. iii. p. 50.
- Gyve:** catch, entrap. II. i. p. 63.
- Habits:** "thin —," superficial assumptions. I. iii. p. 41.
- Haggard:** a wild untrained hawk. III. iii. p. 103.
- Hales:** hauls, drags. IV. i. p. 131.
- Haply:** perhaps. II. i. p. 67.
- Happiness:** good luck. III. iv. p. 120.
- Happy:** "in — time," "in the nick of time." III. i. p. 89.
- Hardness:** hardship. I. iii. p. 47.

Glossary

- Have with you:** I'm going with you. I. ii. p. 33.
- Haying:** allowance. IV. iii. p. 155.
- Hearted throne:** throne in my heart. III. iii. p. 113.
- Heavy:** sad. V. ii. p. 182.
- Heat:** urgency. I. ii. p. 32.
- Helm:** helmet. I. iii. p. 48.
- Hie:** hurry, hasten. IV. iii. p. 153.
- Hint:** theme. I. iii. p. 43.
- Hip:** "have on the —," at a disadvantage; a term in wrestling. II. i. p. 68.
- Hold him:** keep him lingering. V. ii. p. 181.
- Home:** to the heart of the matter. II. i. p. 62.
- Honesty:** befitting. IV. i. p. 138.
- Horologe:** clock. II. iii. p. 75.
- Hungerly:** hungrily. III. iv. p. 119.
- Hydra:** the many-headed monster of Grecian fable. II. iii. p. 83.
- Idle:** barren. I. iii. p. 43.
- Import:** importance. III. iii. p. 106.
- Importancy:** importance. I. iii. p. 37.
- Inclining:** kindly disposed. II. iii. p. 85.
- Incontinent:** immediately. IV. iii. p. 151.
- Incontinently:** immediately. I. iii. p. 50.
- Index:** preface, introduction. The *Index* was formerly placed at the beginning of a volume. II. i. p. 67.
- Indign:** unworthy, undignified. I. iii. p. 48.
- Ingenuer:** inventor (of laudatory phrases). II. i. p. 57.
- Inhibited:** prohibited. I. ii. p. 34.
- Injolted:** joined, united. I. iii. p. 37.
- Injuries:** "in your —," while inflicting injuries. II. i. p. 60.
- Inordinate:** immoderate. II. iii. p. 83.
- Intendment:** intention. IV. ii. p. 149.
- Intently:** with undivided attention. I. iii. p. 43.
- Issues:** conclusions. III. iii. p. 102.
- Iterance:** reiteration, repetition. V. ii. p. 172.
- Janus:** the two-headed god of Roman mythology. I. ii. p. 32.
- Jesses:** straps fastened to the legs of hawks and held by the falconer. III. iii. p. 103.
- Joint-ring:** a ring so divided into two that the parts could be placed together and show no division; the separate pieces were worn as tokens by lovers. IV. iii. p. 155.
- Jump:** agree. I. iii. p. 36; precisely. II. iii. p. 87.
- Just:** exact. I. iii. p. 36.
- Justly:** truthfully, faithfully. I. iii. p. 42.
- Knave:** servant. I. i. p. 23.
- Knee-crooking:** obsequious, 'bowing and scraping.' I. i. p. 23.
- Lack:** miss. III. iii. p. 106.
- Lee'd:** disposed of on the *lee*, i.e. the sheltered side. I. i. p. 23.
- Leets and law-days:** days on which Courts were held. III. iii. p. 98.
- Levels:** is in keeping with. I. iii. p. 47.
- Liberal:** licentious. II. i. p. 62.
- Lingered:** prolonged. IV. ii. p. 150.
- List:** desire, inclination. II. i. p. 60; listen to, 'mark what I say.' II. i. p. 65; "patient —," the limits of patience. IV. i. p. 128.
- Living:** vital, i.e. not circumstantial. III. i. p. 111.
- Lost:** groundless. V. ii. p. 178.
- Low:** blockhead, lout. II. iii. p. 74.
- Maidhood:** maidenhood. I. i. p. 30.
- Main:** sea. II. i. p. 54.

Glossary

- Make away:** get away. V. i. p. 160.
- Makes:** does. I. ii. p. 33.
- Mammering:** hesitating. III. iii. p. 94.
- Man:** wield. V. ii. p. 178.
- Manage:** carry on. II. iii. p. 79.
- Mandragora:** mandrake, the root of which was used medicinally as an opiate and anæsthetic. III. iii. p. 107.
- Mane:** crest. II. i. p. 55.
- Master:** captain. II. i. p. 65.
- May:** can. V. i. p. 161.
- Mazzard:** jaw. II. iii. p. 77.
- Mean:** means. III. i. p. 89.
- Mere:** complete, utter. II. ii. p. 69.
- Minion:** favourite, darling. V. i. p. 158.
- Mock:** ridicule. I. ii. p. 34.
- Modern:** ordinary, commonplace; "—seeming," common probability. I. iii. p. 41.
- Moe:** more. IV. iii. p. 154.
- Molestation:** turmoil. II. i. p. 55.
- Mortal:** deadly. II. i. p. 58; fatal. V. ii. p. 174.
- Motion:** natural impulse. I. ii. p. 34; emotion, sensation. I. iii. p. 41.
- Mountebanks:** quacks, sorcerers. I. iii. p. 39.
- Mummy:** a preparation made from corpses or mummies, and supposed to have magical properties. III. iv. p. 118.
- Mutualities:** familiarities. II. i. p. 67.
- Mystery:** trade, craft. IV. ii. p. 140.
- Naked:** unarmed. V. ii. p. 177.
- Napkin:** handkerchief. III. ii. p. 105.
- Native:** natural, actual. I. i. p. 24.
- Next:** nearest, surest. I. iii. p. 45.
- North:** north wind. V. ii. p. 175.
- Notorious:** egregious; 'who should be exposed to notoriety.' IV. ii. p. 146.
- Observancy:** exaggerated homage. III. iv. p. 121.
- Odd-even:** the small hours, which are both 'late' and 'early.' I. i. p. 27.
- Odds:** quarrel. II. iii. p. 78.
- Offends:** hurts, pains. II. iii. p. 79.
- Office:** service, duty. III. iv. p. 120.
- Officed instruments:** vision appointed to your service. I. iii. p. 48.
- Offices:** the rooms reserved for the storage and preparation of food and drink. II. ii. p. 69.
- Old:** *i.e.* 'the old-established custom of.' I. i. p. 23.
- Opinion:** "rich—," good reputation, 'the high esteem in which you are held.' II. iii. p. 79.
- Opposite:** opposed. I. ii. p. 34.
- Ottomites:** Ottomans, Turks. I. i. p. 7.
- Out-tongue:** override, outweigh. I. ii. p. 31.
- Owe:** own. I. i. p. 24.
- Owedst:** didst own. III. iii. p. 107.
- Paddle:** toy, play. II. i. p. 66.
- Pageant:** display. I. iii. p. 37.
- Paragons:** excels, 'beggars' II. i. p. 57.
- Parcels:** parts, fragments. I. iii. p. 43.
- Parts:** talents. III. iii. p. 104.
- Passage:** people passing by. V. i. p. 158.
- Passing:** surpassingly. I. iii. p. 43.
- Patent:** permission. IV. i. p. 134.
- Peculiar:** personal. III. iii. p. 94.
- Peevish:** senseless. II. iii. p. 78.
- Pegs:** *i.e.* on which the strings of a musical instrument are fastened and wound up to the required tension or pitch. II. i. p. 64.
- Perdurable:** enduring, lasting. I. iii. p. 51.

Glossary

- Period:** ending, conclusion. V. ii. p. 182.
- Pestilence:** poi-on. II. 85.
- Pierced:** reached. I. iii. p. 46.
- Pioneers:** the roughest of the troops, employed on road-making and similar labour, generally as punishment for misconduct. III. iii. p. 108.
- Pleasance:** plea-sure. II. iii. p. 83.
- Pliant:** convenient. I. iii. p. 43.
- Poise:** moment, importance (with allusion to the other meaning, balance, 'nice balance'). III. iii. p. 95.
- Pontic Sea:** Black Sea. III. iii. p. 113. (See Notes.)
- Portance:** conduct, bearing. I. iii. p. 42.
- Position:** positive assertion. III. iii. p. 102.
- Pottle-deep:** drained the pottle to the bottom. (*Pottle*=two quarts measure) II. iii. p. 72.
- Prefer:** bring forward. I. iii. p. 41; promote, further, advance. II. iii. p. 85.
- Preferment:** promotion. I. i. p. 23.
- Pregnant:** plausible. II. i. p. 66.
- Presently:** immediately. III. i. p. 89.
- Probal:** probable. II. iii. p. 85.
- Probation:** proof. III. iii. p. 109.
- Profane:** infamous. II. i. p. 62.
- Profit:** warning. III. iii. p. 109.
- Proper:** own. I. iii. p. 39; handsome. I. iii. p. 53.
- Property:** inherent virtue. I. i. p. 30.
- Propontic:** the Sea of Marmora. (See Note on 'Pontic Sea') III. iii. p. 113.
- Propose:** talk. I. i. p. 22.
- Propriety:** "from her —," 'out of herself.' II. iii. p. 78.
- Prosperous:** propitious. I. iii. p. 47.
- Puddled:** deranged. III. iv. p. 121.
- Put on:** instigate. II. iii. p. 85.
- Qualification:** pacification. II. i. p. 61.
- Qualified:** diluted. II. iii. p. 71.
- Quarter:** "in —," at our posts. II. iii. p. 78.
- Quat:** pimple. V. i. p. 157.
- Question:** "with more facile — bear it," win it by an easier contest. I. iii. p. 37.
- Quests:** search parties. I. ii. p. 33.
- Quicken:** begin life. III. iii. p. 104.
- Quillets:** sophistries, quibbles. III. i. p. 88.
- Quirks:** extravagances. II. i. p. 57.
- Raised up:** aroused. II. iii. p. 81.
- Reconciliation:** "present —," immediate re-instatement in office. III. iii. p. 93.
- Reference:** assignment. I. iii. p. 47.
- Regard:** "indistinct —," inseparable to our vision on the horizon. II. i. p. 56.
- Relume:** rekindle. V. ii. p. 164.
- Remorse:** pity, compassion. III. iii. p. 109.
- Remove:** banish. IV. ii. p. 139.
- Repeals:** seeks the repeal of his degradation. II. iii. p. 85.
- Reprobance:** reprobation, perdition. V. ii. p. 175.
- Reserves:** keeps. III. iii. p. 105.
- Respect:** "sudden —," speedy recognition. IV. ii. p. 148.
- Re-stem:** retrace. I. iii. p. 38.
- Revolt:** unfaithfulness. III. iii. p. 100.
- Round:** plain, straightforward. I. iii. p. 40.
- Rouse:** a deep draught. II. iii. p. 72.
- Rude:** harsh. III. iii. p. 108.
- Ruffianed:** blustered, stormed. II. i. p. 55.
- Sadly:** troubled. II. i. p. 56.
- Salt:** lustful. II. i. p. 65.
- Sans:** without. I. iii. p. 39.

Glossary

'Sblood: abbreviation of 'God's blood,' an oath. I. i. p. 21.

Scapes: escapes. I. iii. p. 42.

Scattering: casual, chance. III. iii. p. 98.

Scion: offshoot. I. iii. p. 51.

Scored me: branded me (Steevens) (? scored against me). IV. i. p. 131.

Scorns: scornful expressions. IV. i. p. 128.

Sect: cutting. I. iii. p. 51.

Secure: "I do not so — me in the error," I do not feel secure because of the errors in these reports. I. iii. p. 36; believed to be unsullied. IV. i. p. 128.

Seel: blind, a technical term in falconry. I. iii. p. 48.

Seeming: pretence. III. iii. p. 101.

Segregation: a separated portion. II. i. p. 55.

Self-bounty: inherent kindness and generosity. III. iii. p. 101.

Self-charity: self-protection self-defence. II. iii. p. 79.

Se'nnight: seven nights, a week. III. iii. p. 91.

Sense: " —," "to the quick." V. i. p. 157.

Sequester: sequestration. III. iv. p. 116.

Sequestration: mutual alienation, breaking away. I. iii. p. 51.

Shore: severed. V. ii. p. 174.

Shrewd: evil, vicious. III. iii. p. 112.

Shrift: confessional. III. iii. p. 92.

Siege: rank. I. ii. p. 31.

Sir: "play the —," play the fine gentleman. II. i. p. 63.

Sith: since. III. iii. p. 109.

Skillet: kettle. I. iii. p. 48.

Slight: paltry, puerile. II. iii. p. 82.

Slipper: slippery. II. i. p. 66.

Slubber: mar, soil. I. iii. p. 46.

Snipe: dolt, poltroon. I. iii. p. 53.

Snorting: snoring. I. i. p. 26.

Soft you: stop! pause! V. ii. p. 181.

Something: somewhat. II. iii. p. 79.

Sorry: painful. III. iv. p. 117.

Speak parrot: prate meaninglessly. II. iii. p. 82.

Speculative: observant, watchful. I. iii. p. 48.

Spend: throw away. II. iii. p. 79.

Splinter: set in splints. II. iii. p. 84.

Start: disturb, alarm. I. i. p. 26.

Stay: wait for. IV. ii. p. 147.

Stead: assist. I. iii. p. 51.

Still: frequently. I. iii. p. 43.

Stomach: appetite. V. ii. p. 168.

Stone: harden. V. ii. p. 167.

Stoop: a drinking vessel. II. iii. p. 71.

Stowed: bestowed. I. ii. p. 34.

Strain: urge, press. III. iii. p. 103.

Strangeness: estrangement. III. iii. p. 91.

Subdued: subjected. I. iii. p. 47.

Success: consequences. III. iii. p. 102.

Sufferance: loss. II. i. p. 55.

Sufficiency: ability. I. iii. p. 46.

Sufficient: proficient, able. III. iv. p. 119.

Sweeting: properly a delicious kind of apple, here used as a term of endearment. II. iii. p. 81.

Ta'en out: copied. III. iii. p. 105.

Tainting: impugning, disparaging. II. i. p. 67.

Take... out: copy. IV. iv. p. 123.

Talk me: speak to me. III. iv. p. 119.

Teem: become productive. IV. i. p. 136.

Tells he o'er: does he count. III. iii. p. 99.

Theoric: theory. I. i. p. 22.

Think: "that you —," "I am thinking. I. iii. p. 48"

Glossary

- Thread** : thread of life. V. ii. p. 174.
- Time** : term of life. I. i. p. 29.
- Timorous** : terrified. I. i. p. 25.
- Tire** : exhaust. II. i. p. 57.
- Toged** : wearing the toga, the distinction of *civil* authority. I. i. p. 22.
- Toy** : fancy, whim. III. iv. p. 122.
- Trash** : restrain, hold back. Technical term in dog-training for weighting a too impetuous dog. II. i. p. 68.
- Traverse** : march, proceed. I. iii. p. 53.
- Trimmed** : dressed. I. i. p. 23.
- Turn thy complexion** : change colour. IV. ii. p. 142.
- Twiggen** : wickerwork. II. iii. p. 76.
- Unbonneted** : without doffing the hat ; i.e. on equality with, without deference. I. ii. p. 31.
- Unbookish** : misinformed, unwarranted by fact. IV. i. p. 129.
- Undertaker** : "his —," accountable for his despatch. IV. i. p. 134.
- Unfold** : show up, bring to notice. IV. ii. p. 146.
- Unfolding** : narrative, communication. I. iii. p. 47.
- Unhandsome** : graceless, unjust. III. iv. p. 121.
- Unhatched practice** : undeveloped plot. III. iv. p. 121.
- Unhoused** : free from household and matrimonial ties. I. ii. p. 31.
- Unlace** : relinquish. II. iii. p. 78.
- Unperfectness** : imperfection. II. iii. p. 83.
- Unprovide** : prevail against, overcome. IV. i. p. 134.
- Unvarnished** : unadorned. I. iii. p. 40.
- Use** : custom, wont. IV. i. p. 138.
- Uses** : usages, customs. IV. iii. p. 156.
- Vantage** : in addition. IV. iii. p. 155.
- Vessel** : body. IV. ii. p. 143.
- Vesture** : "essential —," real garment, actual embodiment. II. i. p. 57.
- Virtuous** : effective, powerful. III. iv. p. 120.
- Voice** : vote, decision. I. iii. p. 48.
- Vouch** : assert. I. iii. p. 41 ; bear witness. I. iii. p. 48 ; "put on the —," compel the acknowledgment. II. i. p. 62.
- Wage** : "Wake and —," invite and meet, provoke and confront. I. iii. p. 37.
- Watch him tame** : tame him by keeping him awake (a term from falconry, hawks being tamed in this way). III. iii. p. 92.
- Wearing** : clothes. IV. iii. p. 152.
- Well said** : well done. II. i. p. 62.
- Wheeling** : wandering, vagrant. I. i. p. 28.
- Whipster** : one who *whips* out his sword on the slightest provocation. V. ii. p. 176.
- White** : used punningly with allusion to 'weight.' II. i. p. 61.
- Wholesome** : balanced, well-considered. III. i. p. 89.
- Wight** : person. II. i. p. 62.
- Withal** : with. I. iii. p. 40.
- Womaned** : accompanied by a woman. III. iv. p. 124.
- Wretch** : a term of endearment. III. iii. p. 95.
- Wrought** : worked upon. V. ii. p. 176.
- Yerked** : thrust, dug. I. ii. p. 31.
- Yet** : at present. III. iii. p. 112.



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